

Swatting At Flies

Flotsam and Jetsam

The only thing I ever made in my life was a fist
The only thing that ever proved that I exist
Broken glass looks best when the sun's goin down
Take it from me, I'm broken too
And there's lots of us around

Like swatting at flies till they cover the floor
Like pulling teeth, tie the string, and slam the door
Like the time I fell in love into someone else
Like the time I complained about the cards I've been dealt
Like they say when it rains you know it always pours
Like hearing no again and slamming of doors

I've been alone, I've been together, I'd been lost
Making my decisions, with the coins that I toss
The slower they walk, you know the harder it gets
Shoulda, woulda, coulda, sketches all our regrets

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Enjoying myself has just been an afterthought
I never doubted the teachers, just the lessons they taught
If I couldn't fill my stomach, I'd fill my head
But I never could fill the word that I said

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Slamming of doors doors doors